

W045-10

THE CANTON

April 2010, Volume XXX, No.69

University of Toronto Engineers, don't chumps havn't got shit



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(No, it's not a TV)

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NNON

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Special Thanks to
Some cool cats that don't exist.**Colophon**

The Toike Oike Cannon is produced using three slide rules and some good fashioned gumption. Often, we will engage in pretentious arguments over who among us's got more moxie. In the end, we outsource the work to some poor country whose name I can't spell.

What ho?

The Toike Oike Cannon was born at Calv in Württemberg, 5 March 1803. Obedient to the wishes of his parents, but against his own inclinations, he devoted himself to the study of theology; was a student at the "Little Evangelical Seminary" of Tübingen from 1817-21, and from 1821-25 continued his studies at the higher seminary of the same place. He completed his education by a series of scientific travels through Switzerland and Italy, after which he returned to his alma mater.

Disclaimer

The radical, ultra right-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring the pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC's ain't shit.

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EDITORIAL

Hello Readers,

Well, joke's on you Cannon... Haha take that...and whatnot... Us here at the Toike Oike have been waiting years to steal the Cannon. Deep down inside every member of the Toike Staff there are remnants of pizza. I know this because I order it at our put-together meetings and we all eat it because its delicious. But below that delicious pizza, there is something else, something that has been lying in wait for years, something that resembles a budding reporter with a passion for campus news.

So here it is, what you have all been waiting for, a serious, fact-checked journalistic issue of the Toike Oike... er I mean Cannon...but then that's how the Cannon always is...but it shouldn't be the same because we stole it...fuck, alright we are just doing our usual thing only with

this skinny masthead which means that I need to write four columns of editorial instead of three, which is kind of a problem because I really don't have that much to say.

So now that we have probed the topic of me not having much to say, I would like to draw your attention to the issue of the you are holding in your hands. Feel it, run your fingers over that fine tablet paper, enjoy the 22x17 print format, smell that fine fine newsprint, are you getting excited yet? Well you should be. Feel the ink come off on your fingers, oh ya, that's nice. Real Nice. Now kindly turn to page 6, I'll wait while you do that. What did you see? A wall of text and nothing else, that's what you saw. It seems that one of our writers decided to submit a 3600 word article in hopes of keeping communism out of the Toike.

Anyway, it is now almost the end of my last editorial, so I would like to take this opportunity to thank a few people.

I would like to thank Former editor, and current VP Communications Amanda Bell. She did a fantastic job showing me the ropes. She taught me how to deal with the publisher, the advertisers, the mailing lists and answered all my desperate cries for help. There probably wouldn't have been a February issue without you Amanda, thanks for everything.

Also what would the Toike be with out its writers? Nothing, that's what. Peter's articles, always well written and hilarious. Luca with his insane, surprising and random humour that makes me burst out laughing. Navid with his wonderful graphics and clever humour that gives me a big-time boner. Alison with her knowledge of real news that let's

her write wonderful news briefs and articles. Lastly Aaron, you are a life saver. Whenever I am in need of a half page of content you are there waiting to fill my void.

I would also like to thank all of our contributing writers and artists throughout this year. Especially Andrew who has been producing some of the most intense and hilarious crosswords the Toike has ever seen. Input from fresh talent, even just ideas, provide a new perspective and help prevent the paper from just becoming an enormous circle-jerk. I hope to see you contributing next year as well.

Now it's time to make like a tree, and get the fuck out of here.

-Bryan Thompson
Editor-in-Brief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor

Dear Editor,

Dear Amy,

Your Toike sucks Me: Cute engineering this month, you girl hoping for a should fire the guys date to Gradball. that did the middle section. Also you You: Nice-seeming guy should come to BFC feigning interest in dinner dance.

my thesis project.

Hilarious, oh man those were some good times. You were rambling on about some boring shit then BAM!

I have nothing to ask you, nor do I have anything interesting to say. I suck and don't want to send you more letters. Good luck filling up this space sucker.

-MB
I have no idea how that got in there. With that being said though, it is pretty hard to fire people that don't work for me. It is also really hard to fire volunteers in general.

Your friend: On the floor on all fours behind me, giving you a thumbs up and mouthing "do it already!".

Thanks for the bruised tailbone, asshole.

-Everyone

Hi Everyone,

Why are you being so difficult? Don't make me mess with the spacing to fill up this area. Cuz I'll do it, I'm fucking crazy like that.

-Bryan

-Amy

Dear Editor

-Bryan

TOO LATE

The year is over. This is what you get for procrastinating.
Contribute in September.

And now to fill up this empty square...

Yep, that works pretty good.

Questions? Letters? Hatemail? Email toike@skule.ca

NEWS BRIEFS

Deadly New Threat From North Korea: Exploding Boobs

(Bob McPaul, Seoul) Tensions between North and South Korea have been high since the sinking of a South Korean ship in late March. Now, the world cowers in fear after the release of leaked blueprints for North Korea's newest weapon.

Sources say the North Korean military research department designed the weapon to target enemy infantry. As men are most attracted to boobs and explosions, the North Koreans have created a terrible weapon by combining the two.

In early tests, even men aware of the danger could not resist the lure and were exploded into tiny pieces. Some have said that this may be the most destructive weapon since the Atomic bomb.

Orange

(Bob McPaul, TO) In 2004, the Orange Party disabled Ukraine after the presiding government fixed an election. In 2010 the Orange Party lost the SAC elections when the presiding government fixed an election. Covert operatives have begun spreading discontent across the University of Toronto campus in an aim to repeat the Orange Party's previous take-over methods which were so successful in Ukraine. Students wearing orange scarves have already been spotted sitting in Independence Square in Kiev to protest the unlawful assumption of power by the Stronger Together team, formerly known as Access, or The Axis. TAs are expected to walk off the job any day now.

Meanwhile, the Stronger Together leaders deny any involvement with the Russians during their campaign, which would have been illegal under Ukrainian law. They were, however, spotted collaborating with several Ryerson students in an effort to "bring those stupid U of T engineers down a peg."

Earth Hour Disaster

(Bob McPaul, Halifax) In one of the worst industrial accidents of the millennium thus far, an oil spill of more than one million tonnes of crude has occurred on the northern edge of Nova Scotia. Ironically, the tanker ran aground because a lighthouse had been turned off to conserve energy during Earth Hour.

A spokesperson for the Coast Guard said they were investigating the matter, as lighthouses are supposed to be fully automated. "Obviously some idiot rape-baby environmentalist hacked the lighthouse," said Captain Arbuckle. "Bet they feel pretty stupid now."

The Toike Presents: An Engineering Heritage Minute

The origin of the Toike Sword dates back to the earliest days of the world famous publication. In the late 16th century, the Toike Oike was written in the town of Shamrock McMeadeville, Ireland. As quality of life improved in the New World, demand for the Toike increased and it became economically feasible to export.



The Toike Oike Sword is featured predominantly on many issues of the Toike, such as the fine issue shown above.

Unfortunately, the trip from its native Ireland to port in New England was rife with danger. Natural dangers such as storms and unsafe harbour aside, the seamen who braved the journey faced the constant threat of pirates, privateers (Queen Isabella had it in for the Toike since newspaper's editor refused her handjob several years earlier), and mutiny¹. Unfortunately the Toike Oike didn't make it to its intended destination on the first journey, nor the second. During those journeys across the Atlantic the harsh conditions would make the trip unexpectedly long, forcing the crew to consume the Toikes for sustenance. Although the distribution manager fought valiantly, every time he was over-powered and defenestrated.

Upon hearing of the fate of the late distribution managers, the then-current editor of the Toike Oike, Carlisle Melrish, took it upon himself to

ensure the safe delivery of the Toikes to the New World. The solution came one day while Carlisle was wandering about the cockpit. While crossing a brook, he was accosted by a troll. This troll carried with him a pungent odor, that could straighten sheep's wool. He was twisted and disfigured, grease and sweat glistened upon his warty brow. He breathed heavily with a low hiss audible to only those with a keen ear, and with an indescribable croak for all other under the sky. The troll, for all his offensive qualities was of the sporting type and offered Carlisle a wager: should Carlisle be able to answer three riddles that had felled many a man before him, he would be spared his life and be given the sword in which to cut down those who would silence the voice of the people.

Carlisle, being a man of the written word, knew a lot about dicks, so when the troll began asking his riddle the first, Carlisle promptly punched him in the dick, took the sword and cleft him in twain.

Carlisle immediately ran for the docks, his problem having been solv'd by a simple punch to a dick, found the distribution manager, a young hoy with less than a score of years with him. The sword was bestowed upon this young man, who was then able to protect the Toike throughout the long journey across the Atlantic.

Though the whereabouts of the original Toike Sword are lost to history, the tradition lives on in the yearly recruitment of Distribution Frosh.



The recruitment of Distribution Frosh has changed little over the years.

-MK Ultra

1. For unaccounted reasons, ships carrying the Toike Oike as cargo had the highest rates of mutiny of any cross-Atlantic shipping lines.

What You Should Have Done During Earth Hour

Earth Hour is an annual event when all those morons who still believe in climate change turn their lights off for an hour with the stupid idea that it's good for the environment. Of course, burning candle for light releases greenhouse gases into the air, so the whole idea doesn't work all that well.

Anyway, you're an engineer, so you probably spent Earth Hour doing problem sets by candlelight or wishing you had somebody to make out with in the dark. But what you could have done is find a street with all the lights off and waited for a woman walking alone in shoes too impractical to run in. That way when you jump out from behind the bushes, she won't be able to run away when you jump out to discuss municipal politics with her. However, if you don't have an opinion on the fact that some guy might propose the formation of a committee to assess whether the parks and recreation budget should be adjust-

ed by 3.5% over the next five years then here are some other ideas you can try out next year during Earth Hour when you're still a stressed, lonely engineering student:

- Make shadow puppets by candlelight
- Masturbate
- Read Shakespeare
- Light up the night – with fire!
- Test out your Bat Signal while there's no light pollution
- Enjoy a candlelit dinner
- Play euchre
- Hold a séance
- Have a bath
- Make up sexual constellations using all the extra stars
- Have sex with an ugly person
- Turn on all your lights
- Sit quietly and contemplate your mortality before masturbating some more.

-Bob McPaul

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-stikOr judging

-BBQ!!! BURGERS AND BEvERages

There's a bit of a weird phenomena sweeping the nation, a pleasant but strange affliction of men everywhere. Despite our best efforts to fight it, there's no denying we all love Liam Neeson.

When did it start? And why? Is it his badass-ness? His quiet determination? His gentle wisdom?

The first tremors of things to come were in 1993, when he played Schindler in Schindler's List (if you haven't seen it, let me just make clear it has nothing to do with Schindler's magical fun adventure to the north pole to tell Santa what he wants for Christmas). In a black and white movie where the black definitely reigns, he is a good guy that stands up for thousands of other people. Definitely wins your heart.

In 1996 Liam Neeson plays in Michael Collins, which I haven't seen, but which I'm going to assume stars Liam Neeson in the role of the revered U of T Civ Prof as we trace his daring life, from designing the pyramids, the coliseum, his epic swordfight with Robert "Captain" Hooke, to building the CN Tower. Wow...someone please send this to Bruckheimer, it

MUST get made.

In 1999, in the middle of a disastrous attempt to revive the Star Wars Franchise with a Phantom Menace, Liam Neeson played Qui-Gon Jinn. His contempt of authority, lack of caution, and bold individuality would eventually give rise to decades of darkness under Darth Vader and the Empire, but he's still a really cool guy. At any rate, he was the only thing I could stand in this movie (FUCK Jar-Jar).

In K-19 the submarine almost exploded from containing the combined badassness of Harrison Ford and Liam Neeson as they showed us that our Cold War Commies were pretty cool badass guys. I guess what I'm trying to say is R-E-S-P-E-C-T, R-U-S-K-I-E.

In Gangs of New York he was again one of the only characters I could stand as the gang leader "Priest" Fallon. Even though he dies in the first few minutes, the entire movie is about how his legacy alone caused New York gangs to get into a brawl that engulfed the whole city (and I think at some point the US Navy started shelling the city, which is the craziest riot police plan EVER). Leonardo DiCaprio (his son) might be the one instigating the violence,

The Toike Oike: Behind the Scenes

Q: How does the Toike generate such quality content on a monthly basis? Surely your writers must be comedic übermensch!

A: No, we are not. Well I am, but most of the Toike is not. Here's a quick guide as to how sausage is made the Toike is produced:



Fig. 1: The Toike

1)Writer recruitment:

The backbone of the Toike is our enormous staff of diverse and funny writers! A large writer base means top quality content at slave labour prices and we pass the savings on to you!



Fig. 2: Toike Writer

2)The first meeting:

Our new writers are cherished and welcomed and celebrated! The only thing we ask of them at their first meeting is that they contribute a large mountain of content, carry newspapers around campus and deal with belligerent drunk veterans!



Fig. 3: Fresh Writers

3)Ideas:

We get drunk and talk about dicks. Somehow this gets printed.

4)Writing:

The writers are given two weeks to write content and submit it for the put-together meeting. This allows for a short, relaxed meeting where we can focus on layout and graphics.



Fig. 4: Me, not writing

5)Put-Together:

Nobody has written anything and the Toike is as barren as a Sornian child prostitute. The night lasts until gain when our drunk (and high) scribes have vomited out enough words and we've stolen enough comes to fill 12 pages.



Fig. 5: The Toike, deadline day

- Prosper Montagné

A woman with four vaginas was arrested in a Massachusetts town that had recently passed a law banning residents from having more than three cats. The woman is now suing the town council for using the word "pussy" instead of "feline." Several red-faced officers brought her in after they apparently tried to "confiscate" the "cats."

-HM

Inside the Toike: Layout-Meetings

Believe it or not a lot of time goes into compiling the Toike and doing the layout every month. Below are some classic quotes from our layout meetings.

"I heard you turned homosexual so I came running as fast as I could"

"Fuck me, this is so bad"

"I'm so high right now"

"My brain is melting out of my skull"

"Sticking dicks directly in his mouth" wtf Luca, seriously?"

"This article here features a picture of slaves."

"Stop drawing dicks and get back to work."

"I can't believe they forgot to put a single joke in this article. Right now this is just..." Shutter, Gasp, "...journalism."

1 The Layout of the Toike is done by Bryan Thompson alone in Engcom.

-HM

Neeson just has to walk through neighbourhoods and they all blow away...

Prince Caspian. Aslan decides to leave again, trusting that the 4 kids will take care of his kingdom. World goes to shit again. Aslan comes back. Fights back the evil forces single-handedly (Well, Prince Caspian does do some good...unlike those useless kids...seriously, they're more useless than the Scooby Gang). Puts Prince Caspian in charge this time. Here's hoping he won't screw it up.

What we can look forward to: Brace yourselves and make sure you're sitting down. In 2010, Liam Neeson will play Col. John "Hannibal" Smith in the A-Team movie! Whaaaaaaat!

By now, if you're a guy, you should start to understand those weird feelings you're having. If you're a girl, you'll understand why your man was willing to watch *Love Actually* with you and why he surfs the internet late at night but you never find any porn. Embrace it guys. He is, after all, a pretty cool guy.

-Keith Myas

NEWS BRIEF:

Woman with four vaginas arrested

-HM

[Insert Adjective] Ways to Die

My grandfather died peacefully in his sleep. Seems like a nice way to go, especially compared to his passengers at the time. But what is the best way to die? How do you judge? And really, why do you care? You'll be dead, after all.

Most Enjoyable Deaths:

- Sex until your pelvis gives out
- Alcohol poisoning
- Suffocated by giant boobies
- Shooting paintballs at the president

Manliest Deaths:

- Gunned down while leading the charge
- Landmine hopscotch
- Fighting Chuck Norris
- Wrestling a bear
- Impaled by a stingray
- Skydiving without a parachute
- Shot by a jealous husband
- Licking a battery

Most Noble Deaths:

- Being run over after pushing a little kid to safety
- Flying a plane into a skyscraper full of American scum
- Beaten to death by Artscis while protecting The Mighty Skule Cannon

Craziest Ways to Die:

- Get sucked into a black hole
- Run with scissors
- Hit by a falling piano
- Being crushed by a UFO as it lands
- Spontaneous combustion

Most Unpleasant Deaths:

- Eaten alive by velociraptors
- Drowning in a pile of shit
- Falcon punch to your sex organ
- Being fried in a giant vat of soy oil
- Raped by a porcupine
- MIE44!

Sissiest Deaths:

- Bleed-out from a paper cut
- Concentration camp
- Being eaten by one of the Twilight vampires
- Starvation
- Choking on Jello while in the hospital
- Burst bladder while playing WoW
- not forwading a chain letter within 2,689 minutes

- Bob McPaul

Toike World Cup Picks

GROUP A: South Africa, Mexico, Uruguay, France

If you pick South Africa to advance, you may be legally stupid. Uruguay has always been the lesser guy so I doubt they really have a chance at advancing. France sucked last year but they suck at the beginning of the last one and they made it to the finals. Mexico is Mexico and will advance to the first round and immediately lose.

GROUP B: Argentina, Nigeria, South Korea, Greece

If Argentina does not advance from this group I Will Eat A Pig's Foot. Nigeria is the token 2nd place African team. South Korea and Greece can o-o draw their way to hell for all I care.

GROUP C: England, USA, Algeria, Slovenia

Slovenia already are total garbage. They suck. So do Algeria but not as much. England and the USA can get fucked and I hope the stadium collapses when they play. If that doesn't happen watch for them to get eliminated in the 1st or 2nd rounds and have all their fans complain for 2 years.

GROUP D: Germany, Australia, Serbia, Ghana

Germany destroys this group

faster than Poland in '39. Roll a dice or something to pick the other team as they are all terrible and are going nowhere anyway.

GROUP E: Netherlands, Denmark, Japan, Cameroon

Netherlands takes this one in a tight one, probably bumbling a game for no reason as the Dutch tend to do. The only notable thing Denmark has done in in-

ternational soccer is spit on Totti's face so byebye to them. Japan could have the talent to win but Cameroon will take 2nd because we can't have an asian group in the elimination round can we?

GROUP F: Italy, Paraguay, New Zealand, Slovakia

Slovakia already had their Cinderella run in hockey, so look for them to be Sleeping Beauty instead this year. Maybe the

Little Mermaid. New Zealand only qualified because they had to face such giants as Fiji and Samoa and would probably lose to Pleasant Springs Retirement Community Recreational Soccer Team. Paraguay is the lesser of the two guys and are also going nowhere. Italy, despite fielding the worst team in decades, are handed a group of remnants and children and will advance so hard that FIFA will advance another team from group G instead of the 2nd placed team.

GROUP G: Brazil, Korea DPR, Cote D'Ivoire, Portugal

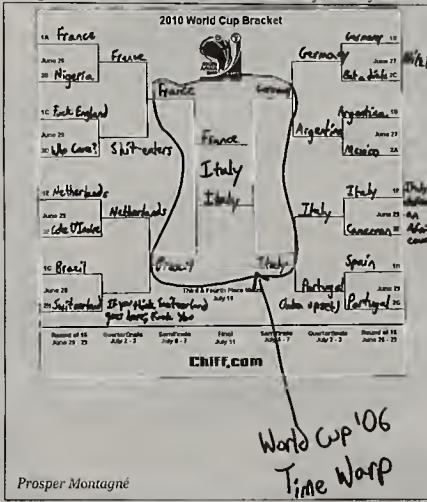
Hahahah sucks to be a fan of a team in this group. Brazil will advance, but not a lock for first and they may gaily goof around with the ball into 2nd place. Either Portugal and Cote D'Ivoire can take first, 2nd, or choke. North Korea will do the opposite of choke and starve to death on the field instead.

Group H: Spain, Switzerland, Honduras, Chile

Sorry South America, but soccer is Europe's game. Standings on this one are just as they're ranked.

ELIMINATION ROUNDS ROUNDS OUNDS OUNDS

See diagram



The Man Who Couldn't Die

This is a story about Thomas Q. Mundy. Thomas was a normal young lad, going to university, studying engineering, until one day he had the misfortune of stepping in front of a moving bus. Now, for most people, this would be the worst part of their day, and would result in a medical affliction of the body known as Your-bones-are-world-records-and-the-bus-is-Ussain-Bolt-tits. But the only thing that hit Thomas that day was a disturbing realization: he couldn't die. In the second before the bus launched his broken body into orbit, it hit a land mine and bounced up and over Thomas, landing on the traffic in front of it.

This wasn't the first time that Thomas' encounter with death had been postponed by a strange

plot device, and when he began to think about it, he realized it was exactly like a story. It only took him another few days to find out where the story was: right here.

You see there's this rule that the main character of a story shouldn't die. It pretty much never happens. And unfortunately for Thomas, as long as I'm writing about him, nothing can touch him: bullets, cars, famine, AIDS all get averted using the mighty plot device.

A while back he tried to jump off a cliff into the Grand Canyon, but was scooped up by a pterodactyl at the last second and flown to safety. The look on his face was pretty hilarious, he was all "Ahhh!" and pooped himself a little. Well I can't really do it justice in writing, you

really needed to be there, but you know what I'm getting at.

He took way too many sleeping pills with his dinner one night, only to have his friends show up and get him drunk until he puked it all back up.

He got more ballsy by grabbing some live wires. Luckily just then he went into cardiac arrest, and the jolt was exactly what he needed to save him.

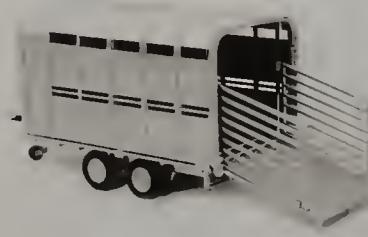
He tried to shoot his face off, but the gun jammed. He ran headfirst into a brick wall, only to realize he fell over because a McMaster engineer had designed the thing. He tried to hang himself but it turned out the rope was made of candy and when his survival in-

stinct kicked in, he chewed his way out. He slit his wrists but was kidnapped by a bunch of thugs who used a ton of gauze to tie his hands together, thus stopping the bleeding.

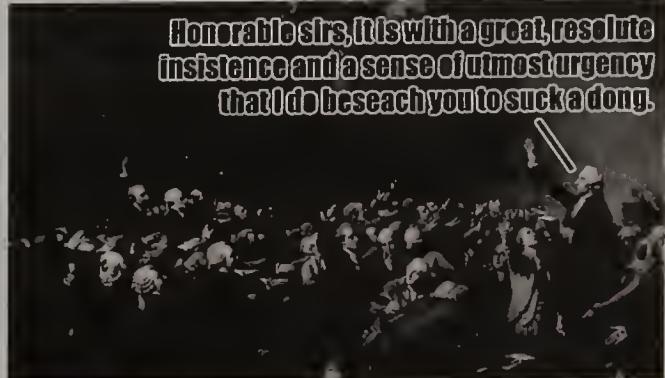
Last night Thomas covered the inside of his jacket with C4, and found a construction site where he could lie under a steamroller. This morning he got up as usual and had breakfast. But that's all you'll get to know, because the narrative ends right here. I think you can figure out what happens next though. It's going to be an interesting day. I sure do hope the construction workers are wearing their hardhats.

-Keith Myas

RanchCo's Unique Line of Donkey Trailers



Honorable sirs, it is with a great, resolute insistence and a sense of utmost urgency that I do beseech you to suck a dong.



So Long,

Well, it looks like my time here has finally come to end. I've laboured five hard, long years here at U of T ride at this place, with all its ups and downs. Actually, U of T is less like a roller coaster than it is like means: it's time to tell every story that, for one re

Before we begin, please note that names have been changed to protect the (not so) inno example since I know no one named James, so if your name is James and you thin you, James Pearson), instead of writing "James ate an apple," I would write does not begin with the let

One more note, to the people who are actually in these stories: A) you are a good person, B) you taught me an important lesson, C) you touc memories that will stay with me forever or E) you we sure which one you are, it

Now without

The Great Chair Robbery

We all remember first year, right? Yeah, I thought not. You first years will see what I'm talking about in three to six years. But there is one thing I remember: first year praxis. Now, we engineers had this course called Praxis, similar to the APS111/112 you lowly mortals had, but with a name that no one knew what it meant. For this course, we had a project where we worked in teams of three (you can see where this is going) to design a solution to some kind of problem.

Our problem was that left-handed students had no options or limited options of where to sit in class. The idea of cutting off everybody's left hand upon their admission to U of T didn't quite fly, so we went with the next best thing: an ambidextrous writing tablet on a lecture chair. We decided that we would build a functional prototype so we went out and got all the materials we needed. All except for one thing... we needed a lecture chair.

Now, some among you would say, "Retrofit a regular chair or build a mockup. Maybe even just prototype the arm portion." To that I say: if you're just going to shrug off the opportunity to steal a lecture chair bolted to the floor of a classroom, what are you doing in engineering?

The search for the perfect lecture chair (the type with foldy arms) led us to none other than MC102. We arrived one quiet Sunday afternoon with ratchet and screwdrivers and quickly got to work. Now, the thing about a chair which has been bolted to the floor for fifty years is, the nuts tend to rust to the bolts they're on. I mean really rust. As in when you try to remove the bolt with a ratchet you snap the bolt shaft off at the floor so that the chair can never be replaced. But that aside, we carried the chair down to our waiting dolly and carted it off to one of my teammate's room (in Morrison Hall, no less).

Now, if you think that you can just steal a lecture chair, put it on a dolly and openly wheel it halfway across campus without anyone stopping and questioning you, you're completely right. We decked it out all prototypely and whatnot and wheeled it out for the big day.

Sure, some people asked where we had gotten the chair from, but we just told them we found it in the alley out back. Well, my teammates said that, I just said "We stole it."

Epilogue: The next September I came back to find that the chairs in MC102 had been completely replaced with newer, cleaner, slightly more comfortable chairs - they are the ones you see in there now.

Herro Prease! Engrish?

Yet another story from AER201. I swear, there is just something about that course that makes me inspire bloodlust in other people. Anyway, this one concerns my teammates. If either of you ever end up reading this, I want you to know that to this day I am amazed neither of you ever stabbed me.

Now, to put it bluntly, my teammates were from a foreign country. I'll give you a hint: it has over a billion people and rhymes with 'wagina'. As such, their command of the English language was roughly on par with Mussolini's command of the Italian armed forces.

For the final report, where marks were allocated based on weight, I had to wade through an eighty page tome and unfuck all the English. I removed the word 'moreover'. Now, 'moreover' is a fine word to use and moreover helps you add emphasis to a conjunction, but after appearing almost one hundred times throughout the report, I went berserk and excised them all. This was in addition to changing 'axial' to the proper 'axle' and 'proxy' to 'epoxy' (you'll note there is some difference between the two).

Of course, none of it mattered when I came across this gem: "As discussed before, the machine is not stationary while it travels."

I left that in. I do hope that phrase caused a TA to die a little.

Not Really a Story

One evening I was out helping with a prank with a certain non-existent organization. I was walking north on St. George St. and not really looking where I was going. I walked straight into a fire hydrant, with terrible results. Terrible results. It was probably funny if you were there and saw me do it.

Help Me! Or Else!

As we all know, we engineers must take arts electives to fulfill our quota of pain and suffering in pursuit of our degrees. But they are important, as we learn things in them we would never learn in engineering. For instance, you know that annoying keener in your class who always asks tons of questions? Well, they've not nothing on the artsie keeners. But more importantly, I learned that artsies are in a competition to find out who can come up with the most ludicrous reason for missing class and asking their classmates for the lecture notes.

I am enrolled in MUS207: Music for Orchestra and every week, without fail, at least two people massmail the entire class saying they missed lecture and could someone pleeeeeease send them their lecture notes. Suitably miffed, I popped off this missive to the entire class:

Hi Everybody (since I must quite clearly contact all 232 people enrolled in this course with my problem).

I am enrolled in MUS207 and I am a wonderful student who is dedicated to my education and enthusiastic about this course of which I attend every single lecture (of course) but due to recent illness/injury/weather/alarm clock failure I was unable to come to class on recent date.

I do not have any friends/acquaintances/enemies/people I tenously know in this class who I would otherwise contact before mass-mailing every single person in the class. I also am too shy/nervous/alot to approach anyone in lecture about this, regardless of how friendly they may be.

Therefore, I am emailing all (and I mean ALL) of you to let you know about my predicament and how much I would appreciate it if one or preferably more of you were to send me your lecture notes since helping out your fellow students without any face-to-face contact or even meeting them at all is the best way to get through university.

Love,
-Alex

To this, I received twelve replies. Two people got the joke; ten people offered me their notes. I can only conclude that the density of neutron stars doesn't hold a candle to the density of (some of) the people in this class. I love you all!

Special Issues

Earlier this very year, while working hard to put out a quality paper every month, I realized that vast mountains of Toikes, numbering in the thousands of issues, were going undelivered. Wanting to get the hundreds of subliminal messages contained in every Toike out the public, I diligently started scooping up as many stacks as I could possibly carry (two) and delivering them to buildings on my way home.

But there was a problem. I noticed that the stack at the front doors of Sid Smith would get moved soon after I had placed it. You see, Sid Smith does not have the traditional newspaper stands, but two rows of shelves, first-come first-served. I would always put the Toikes in the middle of the top shelf and would come back to find them in the very out of the way corner of the bottom shelf (aka the shitty spot). I never removed anyone else's papers and the two spots on either sides of the Toike were empty, so someone was just doing this out of spite.

It was time to teach them a lesson... a lesson in engineering that is! I took a fresh stack of Toikes and cut out the middle, book-safe style, then glued all the issues together. Putting three solid copies on the bottom, I then laid down a plastic bag inside. Into this I poured concrete, up to the brim, then added three more copies to the top to complete the illusion. On top of this was added roughly half a dozen regular copies, in the off chance that someone in Sid Smith actually wanted to read the Toike. I now was the proud owner of the world's only fifty pound stack of newspapers.

Delivering the Toike all the way up St. George St., the special issue was delivered to Sid Smith. We even had a plan in place to place a 'Breaking News' sign should the shelf he not strong enough to hold the massive weight of the stack. Someone did receive a nasty surprise - I don't know if it was the fool who was trying to move the stack (likely) or a loyal reader who tried to take the top issue after all the real issues were gone (unlikely).

Either way, justice was served.

[STOLEN] Coke Coke

THE BRUTE FORCE FORMULA
COMBATES IN THE VANCOUVER 2010 OLYMPICS



SHOCKING: MARIO BAKER CATCHES ASIAN HEART-THROB PATRICK CHAN CHEATING WITH GOLD MEDAL MOGULIST ALEX BILODEAU!



**Chan's performance dismal!
Did he trip up on his guilt?**

Stolen Toike Oike

VOLUME MCCCXXXVII — ISSUE VIII — MARCH 2010

By The Sword In Stone
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 Jafar
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 Dale
 Cinderella
 Goofy
 Puchahontas
 Peter Pan
 Pinocchio

THANKS TO

Thanks to everyone who came out and got this thing done. The writers produce awesome content, the graphics team were mad editing, layout was a machine, and the Atrium mice were great inspiration. At least this year there isn't any worry of an army of retarded chicken zombies upstaging us!

COLOPHON

Much like the Toike Oike, the Stolen Toike Oike is also produced using a number of f's and o's.

DISCLAIMER

The Stolen Tolke has no association with the real tolke or even the Engineering Society and it doesn't necessarily represent our opinions either. This tolke is meant to show off some of the cool shit we do and is supposed to play on clever humour or teasing those who can take a good laugh. The racist, 'too soon', or shocking didn't make the cut because well.. it doesn't actually show Skule Spirit which is what this is really all about.



THE MEN IN BLACK

- Bribery & Extortion
- Elusive Appearances
- Extracting Secret Locations
- Kontinuous Oscillations
- Latex & Oils
- Lies & Propaganda
- Logical Algorithms & Abstact Arithmicks
- Men, Money & Margaritas
- Motivation & Muscle
- Offensive Language
- Subversions & Perversions
- Torture, Intimidation, Threats
- Uncanny Subtlety
- Knotty Deeds
- Seductive Concockshuns
- Fleshing & Banging
- Rhythmic Disoriention
- Civil Unrest
- Multiple Orgasms & Orgasms
- Unnecessary Destruction
- Vocal Discharges
- Konservation of Spirits
- Xtreme Kaoz Causing Death

DA CHIEF'S RANT

To be completely honest, I have no idea how to approach this rant.

ified to give you.

Now, with that out of the way, let's gettoit:

Rant #1:

I fucking hate writing this rant. It's hard. Shit.

Rant #2:

Why didn't I get any napkins from Burger King when I ordered the combo yesterday?

Rant #3:

When did it become so fashionable to complain about Skule all the time?

I think this year has been the worst ever for people who are quick to bitch and judge about everything but so slow to nut up and do anything about it. I have never experienced a year where people are so comfortable sitting back and complaining, but so blatantly incapable of growing a pair and getting involved to change anything. In my opinion, if you don't care enough to put yourself out there and make the changes you want to see then you don't have the right to be sitting on your high horse and picking up the slack. Most of all though, thanks for always recognizing when I needed support and giving it to me unconditionally. You are the most level headed person I have met in this god-forsaken place, and if a few more people tried to be like you we'd be a lot better off. You deserve way more credit than I even feel qual-



ing you to lead a noble one-man crusade to save the world of skule and be back by morning. I'm just asking more people to have the fucking balls to try and make the changes they want to see, even if it means ending up on the other end of that criticism. And if you're not going to do that, at least have the decency to admit to yourself that you take more pleasure in your misery then your joy and be done with it. My suggestion, for what it's worth, is to figure out what makes you love school and just fucking run with it. Find what you love to do and just do it, whatever it is. Most importantly, always know why you are doing what you are doing and be sure of yourself.

Oh! And do me a favour! The next time some coward who wants to sit back and play Ebert and Roeper has something to say, call them out and ask them what the FUCK they have done lately. Out.

Sincerely,

Mario Baker OT9-1TO

I'm not asking anyone to be a hero, and I'm not ask-



DA ASS' RANT?

I was going to complain about a bunch of stuff but I don't like complaining so I won't.

This has been one epicly fun year....

F!rosh you guys were amazing at f!rosh week, I remember talking to someone and finding out they went through 3 hours of "blind folding" and then having to leave because they had to catch the TTC home. Sorry F!rosh. It's really good to see that the traditions that have been passed down to us being passed on to the new f!rosh. It's also nice to see some of you taking the initiative to do your own pranks. You'll probably remember the pranks you pulled more than the problem sets and

tests you had to study for anyway.

Blue & Gold, thanks for bailing us out and helping with so many pranks. We couldn't have done anything without your help. Also, Godiva Week was an epic success and that's because you guys put in countless hours for your events. It was one of the best run Godiva Weeks EVAR!!

Ministers, you guys helped out so much and gave us so many long hours to make this club and our events fun for all the people that came out. I couldn't have asked for this many amazing people that were genuinely excited for each of our events and helping till all hours of the night. Ma-

rio, it's been a pleasure serving as your ass this year. We did an amazing job with the resources we had.

This year I've done things that I would have never thought I would do as a f!rosh and I have this club and Skule to thank for that. As I leave this school I just want to let people know that school and academics aren't that important, leaving school with friends, laughs and memories are worth a lot more.



Mario's Ass
0T9 - ITO
mariosbakery.ca

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH MARIO BAKER AND THE POLE!!!

We have the interview with the Pole and Mario Baker himself! (just a few short days before the Pole was taken - not stolen - taken back to Queen's)

Remember, the Toike brought you the real facts first.

P Hey Mario!

MB Ya Pole?

P I love you.

MB I luv u too Pole, ur da greatest.

P Thanks, but seriously, can I talk to you for a moment?

MB Sure, anything for u!

P Hey can I have some of those BEvERAgEs you're drinking?

MB No problem Pole, here u go.

P Well, first off, I'd like to thank you for your amazing hospitality here and my stay with U of T Engineering. It has felt so nice to be home these past few months!

MB No prob Pole, it wuz our duty to get u back.

P Thanks again.

MB Yur welcum.

P No really, I can't thank you enough for getting me out of the greasy hands of those fricken' Queen's Engineers.

MB Don't mention it!

P But I insist, you guys have freed a poor Prisoner of War after 45 years of imprison-

ment. That's FORTY FIVE YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT! Do you know what 45 years of imprisonment with Queen's Engineers will do to someone?

MB No Pole, I don't.

P Weird weird things. I couldn't think straight. I couldn't talk straight. They kept groping me. They kept shouting at me.

They couldn't teach me anything. Why, the second I got back in Toronto I suddenly remember all the engineering you guys taught me when I was a young lad. Delta-Epsilon make sense again, as does convolution and that joke that Queen's Engineers call "physics 114!"

MB How are you now.

P The scars are healing, but I'll work things out. I'm made out of pure steel you know.

MB Well, do u hav anything to say?

P Me? Oh no, I just wanted to chat with you.

MB But u call me over and say, "Hey Mario, let's talk serious talk!"

P Oh yes, forgive me. As I was saying, these past few months back in the great halls of U of T Engineering Skule has brought my spirits up so very much.

MB I'm glad to hear dat Pole.

P But you see, I'm in quite a bind.

MB Why iz dat Pole?

P Well, I love U of T Engineers.

MB Taxx.

P U of T Engineers are the greatest people in the world. If it wasn't for U of T, I would never have existed. If it wasn't for U of T engineers, I would never have been returned to my rightful place here in the hal-

lows of hall of U of T Engineering.

MB Taxx, but what's ur point?

P Well, Mario, do you know what I like even more than U of T Engineering?

MB Iron Chef?

P Nope.

MB Kraft Diner?

P Nope.

MB Mario's Bakery?

P Nope (but almost). It's Engineering Spirit. Engineering Spirit as a whole is most important to me. I've been watching what has happened to those Queen's Engineers since I've been home...

MB And?

P You see, without me, Queen's Engineers have lost their spirit. They whine like babies and do nothing to retrieve me, not that I'd want them to. I don't like to see those engineers so down; they cry all day and then they whine all night. When the finish crying they threaten legal action and cry more. When the Golden Words is tired of being made of fun of they threaten legal action and then they get back to more serious bouts of crying. What can I say? I can't stand all this crying.

MB Dat's sad you know. Dey can be whiny babies.

P But you see, without me, Queen's Engineering is nothing; absolutely nothing.

Let me reiterate; I love U of T Engineers WAAAAAAYYY better than Queen's Engineers, but engineering spirit is more important than any greasy hides. Queen's Engineers have really lost everything. They've lost their Engineering Spirit, they've even lost their Christmas Spirit along with their Sense of

Pride, their Common Sense, their Sense of Being, their Sense of Accomplishment, *AND* their Sense of Direction!

MB Shud we make dem watch "The Grinch who stole Christmas?"

P Yes.

MB I have a projectin tv and some beer! You get da popcorn!

P I mean no. You see, what I'm getting at is that I can't just sit around and let another engineering faculty become a bunch of absolutely pitiful whining babies that whine day in and day out with intermittent bouts of crying. If I don't return then Queen's Engineering Spirit will die with me. I must return to Queen's and submit my will to theirs.

MB Pole, r u sure dat's wut u wanna do?

P Yes.

MB I think Engineering Spirit is reely important too Pole. I support your decisoin.

P I just don't know if I can do it!

MB Yes u can Pole. Go out into Godiva's Sanctuary (ed. - the Atrium in Sanford Fleming), and u stand erect and proud. You get in der. Cause if u don't, u'll never wanna go back; cuz it's way better here than at Queen's and you know that.

I want u to go out there and declare to the world, "I AM POLE!"

P I AM POLE!!! That's not very grammatically correct though?

MB I never did waste my time wit en- glish. I was busy gettin u back!

P Oh yeah, thanks again for that.

MB No problem.

P One last thing: I love U of T Engineering too much to not leave a part of me with you. I'll always remember the kind lads/lasses that ended my imprisonment if only for a short (blissful) while. For this I am leaving a piece of me with you; it shall henceforth be referred to as "Mini-Pole". Please care of him as you did me.

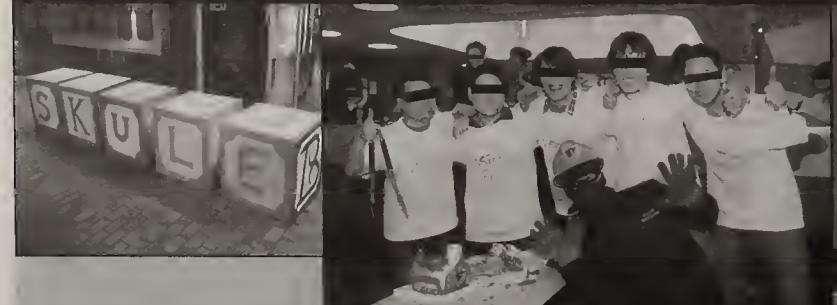
MB I will Pole.

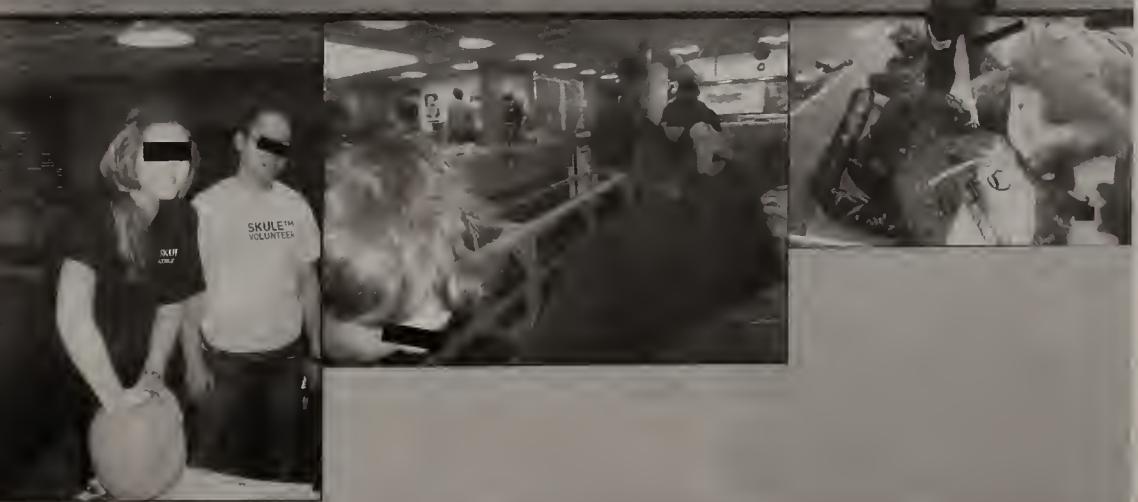
P I will remember and cherish you always, my heart is with you U of T Engineering!

From that point on, the Pole stood proud and erect in the heart of Godiva's Sanctuary for many a day and night until the fateful night the Queen's Engineers came to reclaim him. It was said by onlookers that the Pole only flinched slightly (with nary a whimper) at the initial sight of the "dirty thirty"; and we're very very proud of him for his valiant effort.

YI WEI ANG
"I masturbate in a suit"
Experience. Reliability. Responsibility

James says my asshole is perfect





How to Be Classy

by: Some female frosh

Engineers are well known to have too little class. You probably think you have too much class (especially calculus) but unfortunately for you, sitting in SF1105 wondering just how they got the wall SO FUCKING blue learning about science does not equate to classiness. Nay, the class you need is of the "monocles and coats with tails" variety, so wipe the cheetos crumbs off your chest, hide away your gay underage donkey porn, and prepare to be classified!

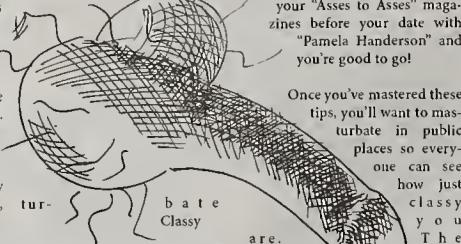
It's so easy: you can keep doing all the things you normally do, just do them classy! You can start right now - you'll be as smooth as James Bond in no time.

1. Drink Classy

Your shit beer is a dead giveaway, you fuck. Put down that Bud Lite and pick up some wine. Find something that's sold in a box. If you don't like wine, just buy wine glasses and pour beer into them when no one's looking - pretend

it's off-colour champagne and no one'll be the wiser!

2. Mas-



You may be concerned at this point that you'll have to give up your favourite activity, but don't dump you left hand just yet. You think James Bond didn't flap the flamingo? Damn right he did.

But before you reach for that gay donkey porn, think about what kind of classy image you want to portray. Throw on a suit and consider switching to something a little less objectionable - our recommendations include inter-

racial (to show you're cultured and PC), and slashfic (literature is always classy!) If all else fails, everything is classier with monologues - draw some top hats in your "Asses to Asses" magazines before your date with "pamela Handerson" and you're good to go!

Once you've mastered these tips, you'll want to masturbate in public places so everyone can see how just

classy you are. The choice with children around - this is your chance to be a role model! Wank on!

3. Toike People

Toiking is fucking classy. Period. Black is the new black, bitches.

4. Learn a Foreign Language

There's nothing that screams

classy like pretentious French phrases thrown in the middle of a discussion cum sah - it shows you're educated and cultured and shit. If you don't know French, go watch some cartoons or Monty Python or a comparable high-brow comedic film. Hell, speaking with a British accent or screaming "bollocks" will do in a pinch. The important thing is to show you come from a continent that didn't invent Tila Tequila.

In case you can't even pull off speaking in a fake french accent and carrying around a baguette, keep in mind that you are already fluent a language no one else can understand: wen u can hz ch@spk evryl will no ur the winnaret, n u wil pwn at conrvention!!!!!! elevenyone!!!!!! lol!

Leave your mark: the classy way! Everyone knows a phallus (classy word for fuckstick) is the pinnacle of classy. When you draw a penis on something, it's like you're jizzing all over it (big classy plus points from point NUM-BERGOESHERE) except unlike that faint white stain, it lasts for fucking ever - that passed-out



douchebag can wash off semen, but permanent marker will ensure tonight remains unforgettable. Bonus marks if you add crosshatching.

What's more, erecting buildings is part of your job as an engineer. 'Nuff said.

5. Classy Dates

Like real estate and manscaping, it's all about location, location, location. McDonald's is highly recommended - any place with gold arches has got to be classy. Sex on the first date is a must - if s/he says no, it just means "not while I'm awake". Roofies do the trick, and have the added benefit of showing you got connection in da hood. After you've spelunked the cave, down some yourself - that way, you have plausible deniability in court.

Point-Counterpoint: On the Etiquette of Point-Counterpoint

Point: When co-writing a "point, counterpoint" article in an attempt to display differing opinions on a controversial topic, it is important to create an air of tension in order to facilitate the freest possible discussion. Any action to that effect is warranted for the sake of the article, including ad hominem attacks, _____, and gratuitous references to the prospective physical obesity and sexual deviance of the co-author's mother.

Counterpoint: Fuck you, you dick snorting burlap bag of albatross shit, proper etiquette and politeness are the motherfucking bastion of Point-Counterpoint. What the fuck do you know, you obese wagon of prostitute dildos? Basing your whole fucking argument on insulting the other person and profuse swearing is the lowest fucking form of debate you goat fucking cum sarcophagus. Any motherfucking argument worth two motherfucking shits includes reasoned points, considered arguments, logical connections, an open mind, and proper citations. You motherfucking shit encrusted cock gobbling aids ravaged duck fucking worm dicked lard bag.

Also I slept with your mom.



The Advantages and Disadvantages of Concrete Toboggan

Many of you may be under the impression that Concrete Toboggan is no longer a safe engineering club to participate in. Well, you're right, its not, in fact it's nearly deadly. But just so you can make your own decision, we've weighted the pluses and minuses of joining our infamous team.

Reasons to Join:

1. All design members received job offers from Toyota the next day
2. Meeting sexy nurses
3. A three week prescription for codeine
4. Celebrity status similar to that of the Zac Efron
5. 24 hour access to the hotels elevator party button
6. Meeting Pierce's mom
7. Watching Franz get outsmarted by a 6 year old boy
8. No hangovers when you drink for 3 days straight
9. Peeing on McMaster University



Mario Baker Trades In All His Skule Points



Reasons not to Join:

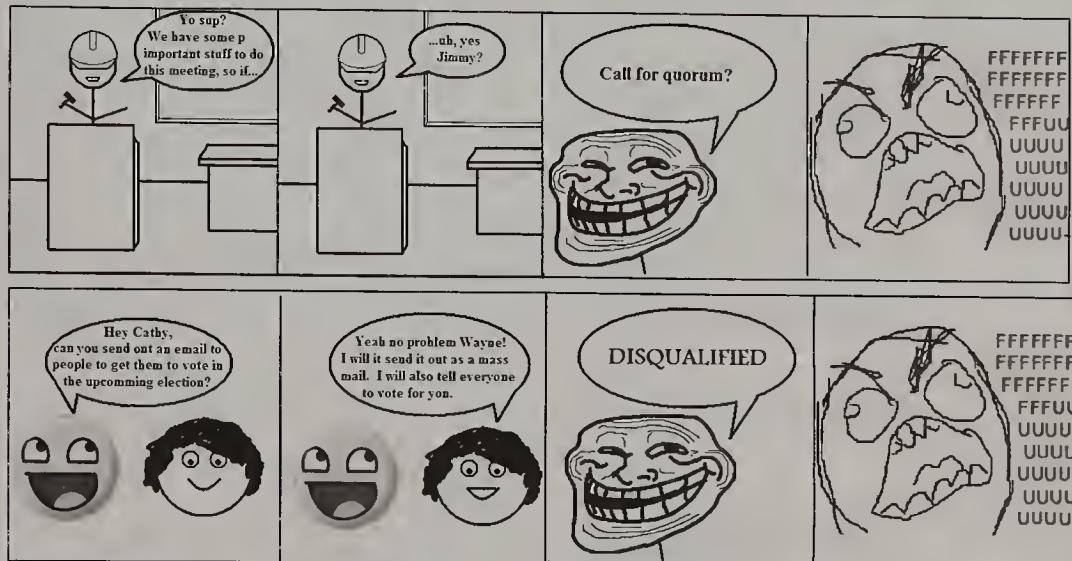
1. Paying for hotel damages
 - a. \$500 - replace keg dented tub
 - b. \$200 - repaint beer stained walls
 - c. \$150 - clean beer stained rugs
 - d. \$400 - broken bed
 - e. \$50 - damaged overloaded elevator
 - f. \$100 - damage due to mattress dominoes
2. The keg always hogged the shower
3. Sleep seemed similar to that of 10 minute power naps
4. 7 more safety courses for 3rd year civs (but really, who cares about them)
5. McDonalds for breakfast, lunch and dinner (their apple juice suspiciously looks and tastes a lot like pee)
6. Serious shrinkage wearing toga's in -40 degree weather
7. Waterloo kids hit on anything with less than 8 legs (that includes you)
8. Possible broken collar bone, shoulder blade, concussion, sprained wrist, dizziness and vomiting
9. The BFC will fuck shit up for you





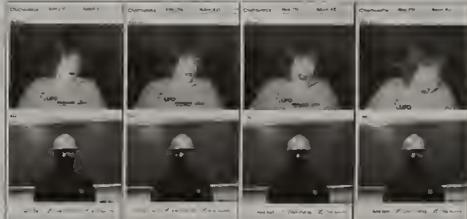
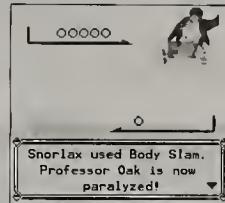
COMICS

IF YOU WALK ON A LEAF, YOU WILL FEEL CERTAIN FORCE CRUSH AGAINST YOUR BODY.



YOUR LIFE: 19/M/Toronto

	Music: The Gaslight Anthem Queen P!NK Justin Timberlake Bjork Beck Britney Spears Hanson	Activities: - wearin' V-necks - playin' dress up - buildin' robots - suckin' at euchre - SUDS
Food: 	Habitat: Atrium 4 life!!	Transportation: Innertube
Hang out with my wang out! LOL!!!!	Quote: Aint no odds against beating yourself	



A S S I F I E D S

WANTED

CAFE MANAGER - This is not a joke
Contact vpfinance@skule.ca

"BEST SKULE NITE EVER" - Those 4 words I haven't heard yet
Contact Dan Marquez

A PEY Job - Prefer to be the only candidate
Contact W. Lin

FRIENDSHIP WITH ENG\$OC - We would miss you if you left
Contact president@utsu.ca

PADDING - lots of padding
Contact Concrete Toboggan

BFC STICKER - bottom of CN Tower glass floor
Reward: one light blue hard hat
Contact mb@mariosbakery.ca

FAKE ID - Eye kneedz ect four DURNKBrad Elvent
Contact A. Frosh

CONCRETE TOBAGGAN BRAKES - Must be ready for mass production
Contact Toyota

NEW GOLDFISH - Apparently it's more important than me
Contact D. Cheung

BACKS OF ATRIUM CHAIRS - We waited how long to rip our pants on broken plastic
Contact: EVERYONE

HOURS - Engineering Experience Hours Needed ASAP
Contact president@skule.ca

LUGE - Like new, only been used once
Contact Georgian National Luge Team

MERCH FOR SALE

DRUM HARNESS - full of spirit, hurts my boobs
Contact drums@skule.ca

CANVAS - no seriously, we have like 50ft of this stuff and we need to get rid of it.
Contact: mb@mariosbakery.ca

In Outer Space



Nobody can hear you

KABOOM

Fuckers

I'm in pursuit of a piece of paper and an iron ring that I can call my very own. It's been a roller coaster of a Drop Zone, but imagine it doesn't actually stop when it reaches the ground. So you know what this reason or another, I could not print until I leave!

Innocent. That means that, say I am telling a story that involves James (I use James as an ink one of these stories is about you, you can go fuck yourself. Yes, I'm talking to "I ate an apple." If you are particularly astute, you will notice that James either 'Y'. Aren't I clever?

You are in them because A) you did something really.memo-
ached me (metaphorically) very deeply, D) you gave me
were a total dick. If you read the story and you're not
it's probably the last one.

Further ado:

Printer Repairman

Way back in second year, I had this little thing called AER201 (second year engsci design). If you haven't heard of it, it is a design course whose goal is to try to get as many second years as possible to transfer out/commit suicide (sometimes both). We worked in teams of three to design and build one of three projects. My project was a robot that autonomously travels alongside a row of drums and measures the fluid levels inside.

Well, it was the middle of term and the middle of term report was due the next day, so of course every single person in second year was pulling an all nighter in the engsci computer lab. Literally – every single last goddamn person! Anyway, it was 7am and no one had had any sleep. I was busy doing nothing while my other two team members were working hard. I wanted to leave, but team etiquette meant I couldn't.

Well, it just so happened that one of the printers in the lab had been jammed for several months and I got around to thinking it was time to fix it. After trying the method of pressing the 'clear jam' button and having no luck, I decided to do the next best thing. Taking my Swiss army knife and multi-bit screwdriver, I proceeded to take the printer apart piece by piece. After nearly two hours of painstaking dissection, I located the problem: someone had tried to feed a piece of lined, three-hole punched paper through the printer and it had crumpled like an accordion. I quickly removed it glanced at my watch – 9 o'clock! I had class!

Now, for whatever reason, I am an anal class attendee, I never skip class, and this morning was no different so I hurried to MedSci for my class... AER201. There were about five people there, which means I could have looked at each one of them for a full minute before I passed out. I awoke at the end of lecture and headed back to the lab. Once there, I quickly put the printer back together, timed it on and deleted the approximately 5,000 print jobs waiting on it (I no longer know how I did that – somewhere on the printer itself is a 'delete everything' function).

At this point, one of my friends came up to me and informed me of what had transpired while I was gone. After I had left, one of the ECF staff members had come into the lab for whatever reason. The first thing he noticed was that one of the printers was lying on the ground in 1,000 pieces. He was, as I was told, "very pissed." He then stormed out.

If you, ECF staff guy, are reading this, let me just say: Hahaha! I win, sucker!

The Tale of the Broken Bin

Another story from AER201. We had to use these black plastic garbage pails from Canadian Tire to measure the fluid level in. One day my team and I were at lab, with some TA's and Prof. C on hand to help. My team members were hard at work on the robot, so they assigned me the important task of going to the washroom and filling the pail with water.

And I did. I had it up on the counter and filled it from the sink almost all the way full. Now, for those of you who have handled a twenty kilogram bucket of water without a handle, you will know it is difficult to work with. Especially when the container is made of plastic and is not at all rigid. Long story short: gravity decided that, rather than I carry the pail, the floor would do a much better job. Unfortunately, the floor is not the best catcher in the world. The pail shattered and sprayed twenty kilograms of water across the entire bathroom floor.

I picked up the now-useless pail and made my way back to lab. Entering, I walked straight up to my group and Prof. C and nonchalantly explained that the pail fell off the counter and broke. I could see that they were not at all pleased, so doing what I do best, I calmed their worst fears.

"Don't worry, it's okay" I said, pointing at my feet, "See? Completely dry."

E&M with Professor M

All of these are great stories, things I did that define my stay in university, but none of my stories, or any of the ones I have heard from others – and I mean none of them – can ever come close to...

Prof. M

This story encompasses all of ten minutes and one act by my professor – Prof. M. I could lay it all down right now, but to know the event, you must know the man.

Allow me for a moment to transport you back to first term, second year. Frosh week was over, fall was on its way and it was time to button down for classes. I had, that term, a course in electricity & magnetism taught by Prof. M.

Prof. M was not your typical professor – he was a short Eastern European man, in his mid-80's. He lectured by blackboard, always in his suit and tie. But do not let appearances be deceiving, or even, in this case, any less than hyperbole. If fear were to take on human form, it would do so in Prof. M.

His classes were always full. You did not skip his class. You arrived on time. Think about any of your classes and how people wander in after it has begun. Now imagine a class where not a single person arrives late. Ever. You had better believe there was no talking in class. He would not hesitate to tell those who opened their mouths to shut them. Eating and drinking were out of the question. And when he asked you a question, you damn well better have answered it.

Tutorials were something else. We've all had tutorials and we know the score: you go to take a nap, ask some annoying questions or ogle the attractive TA. Well, not these ones. You see, Prof. M also ran the tutorials. Tutorials consisted of every single person showing up on time and taking their seats before Prof. M arrived. When Prof. M stepped into the room, all went silent. He would then start the tutorial. He conducted the tutorials in the following manner: there were three questions done every tutorial, each taking forty-five minutes from beginning to end. The questions were not done by him though; they were done by the class. He would write the question on the board, then call for a volunteer to come up and work with the class to solve it. What followed was usually five minutes of everyone sitting silently in their seats, paralyzed by fear. After this, he would threaten to end the tutorial: if we were going come and not participate, then there was no point in having it. One brave soul would then get up and go to the board. Of course, they did not know how to solve the problem, which led to one of two things: A) Prof. M yelling at them or B) Prof. M yelling at the class for not helping them. Prof. M would then help us through it, and we would return to our seat.

Really, I mean "we". In the entire course, there were a grand total of three different people who would get up to go to the board: me and two others. After the first question when we returned to our seats, he would put up the second question and we would repeat the five minutes paralyzed in fear. God help us if someone who had already solved a question tried to volunteer again. Prof. M would tell you to sit down, then let the rest of the class have it for being such gigantic pussies.

Prof. M was serious about teaching. For him, his classroom was a place of learning – it wasn't the debating society or a cafeteria. Unlike most professors, he actually cared about you learning the material and made sure to go over it until you understood. Also, for him classmate meant class time. What he ripped us with was nothing compared to what he did to outsiders who disturbed his class. We have all opened the door to one of our classes to find out that we're early and the previous class is still there. Not this one.

But on to the event in question. One fine Tuesday afternoon, we all arrived in front of BA1230, our tutorial room – early, of course. We opened the door to enter, as we did every week, only to find the room... full of people? That made no sense, the room was always empty, as there was no class in there before our tutorial. All the students looked at us, somewhat surprised and we noticed they all had papers on their desks. Then it hit us: they were writing an exam!

We didn't know what to do; this had never happened before. We all waited in the hall outside, each of us wondering what kind of ultimate wrath we would bring down upon us from Prof. M. Well, we soon found out. Prof. M arrived right on time as always and the moment he rounded the corner you could see the expression on his face change. A scowl took hold that would have turned the Gorgons to stone. In the history of world, I do not believe anyone has been more unimpressed. How DARE we stand around in the hallway and not go into our tutorial room! He let us know this with the simple question, "What are you all doing out here!" (Note: It was actually a question, just the question mark is not the right kind of punctuation that this question ended with.) A few of us stammered something about the room had people in it and we couldn't go in. He brushed right past us. Opened the door. Saw the room full and went in. We saw the door close behind him.

To this day, none of us who were present there know what he said or did, but fifteen seconds later, the students writing their exam started to scream out, papers clutched to their chest, looking dejectedly at the floor. One of the girls who came out looked up and made eye contact with me, mouting the words, "Your professor's an asshole." A giant grin spread across my face, as we all made our way inside for another electricity and magnetism tutorial with Prof. M.

NEW APPS THAT CLEARLY NEED AN INTRODUCTION

APP FINDER
Search for more apps to fill up your phone and eat up your time!

APP ORGANIZER
Keep track of all your stupid waste-of-space apps with this handy tool!



F!rsh Guide to Being a Cocky Upper Year

Adapt a God complex in just 3 easy steps!

As any upper year would be happy to remind you, F!rsh do not stop being F!rsh until September when the new F!rsh step into Con Hall for Matriculation. In spite of this, I would like to take this time to put the F!rsh of today on the right path to becoming an upper year. After all, this is the last Toike of the year, and the conversion from humble and naïve F!rsh to cocky and ego-inflated upper year is not one that happens overnight. So, let's get started.

Step 1) Motivation

If you're wondering why you'd ever want to act like a cocky, conceited demi-god to people just a year younger than you, you're obviously retarded. In your single year of engineering, you have consumed more alcohol, done more work, regretted more decisions, and gotten involved in more illegal activities than they have throughout their entire lives, let alone their high school years. You're practically twice as old as they are, and goddammit, so you can treat them however you god-damned like.

Step 2) Separation

10 seconds after the first new F!rsh crosses the threshold of Con Hall you will have been upper year for exactly 10 seconds. This does not matter. As far as they are concerned, you've been at U of T Engineering for decades. Fuck empathy, they're the god damned F!rsh now and you will remind them of this every waking second of their lives until next year. Regardless of what a F!rsh's real name was, their name is "F!rsh" now. F!rsh nicknames are a great way to differentiate between F!rsh, such as "Sexy F!rsh" or "Penis F!rsh" or "Cocky piece of shit F!rsh" or "Douchebag F!rsh". If you're working the computer program, make sure you wake F!rsh up in the middle of the night to remind them they're F!rsh. If you write for the Toike, make sure to alienate all the F!rsh who want to join

with your disgusting and unsightly behaviour. Better yet, neglect to add prospective F!rsh writers to the mailing list, or attach dates to the recruitment ads in any issues, making sure you don't see a single new contributor to replace the ones who left or are leaving next year.

Step 3) Nostalgia

Throughout the school year, the nouveau F!rsh will go through the most wonderful and terrible experiences of their lives. Unfortunately, in the whirlwind of joy and terror, they might just forget how you've done all this stuff before and how awesome you still are. It's your job to tell them this. See a group of F!rsh working on a Civ problem set? Drop by and talk about how you miss those days. Bonus points for mentioning how easy it was just to make them more scared. Double bonus points for asking them if they've reached <insert scary sounding section here> despite knowing they're not even close to that section (i.e. "Have you reached Fourier transforms yet?").

Complaining is the most efficient method of nostalgia. The moment F!rsh mention the cannon, tell them about how much better it was when [REDACTED] was CA. Tell them how you actually did cool stuff by recounting that one time you took the cannon on a road trip to that rival school and blew it up, but then just as it went off the Dean walked in front of the blast and had to get an emergency appendectomy and you had to high-tail it outta there... yeah, that was fuckin' epic. Or that one BFC prank that will never be topped. Don't let Skule events be your limit, go ahead and talk about how much hotter the girls used to be, how none of the new F!rsh are fun, or how back in your day, everything was better... or worse... or the same as it has always been. Doesn't matter what it was, so long as you phrase it like they missed out.

-Keith Myas

Dear Subway Sandwich Restaurant on College,

To set the tone of this letter, let me start off by saying fuck you, fuck your employees, and fuck your sandwiches. Your attitude toward customers sucks, and because of that, you give us half-assed pieces of shit sandwiches. In general, the Subway sandwich chain sells decently good food and decently good prices. In fact, if you customize your sandwich properly, they can be downright delicious. Especially when drunk. The thing is, though, your employees at this location are rude, stupid, and stingy, and therefore the full delicious potential of each sandwich cannot be achieved.

In what ways are they rude, stupid and stingy? Well, let me give you a few bulletted examples:

- * They make it seem like you're really putting them out by asking for a sandwich. I mean, they might hate their job, but they don't have to make it seem like your fault. They could just be internally agonized like the people working at McDonalds late at night; really pissed that they have to

An Open Letter to Subway

make food, but not pissed specifically at you.

- * They rush the hell out of you. Yes, I realize that some people take a long time to figure out what they want on their sandwich, but I don't need to be yelled "NEXT!" at if I take a split second to decide whether I'd rather have green or black olives.

- * They give you the smallest amount of toppings possible. You could ask for a MOUNTAIN of pickles, and the most they'd put in is 3. Then, upon noticing that three pickles isn't really enough to satisfy your craving, you could ask for more, but all they would do is put another single pickle while scowling intensely at you as if you killed their puppy.

- * They ensure that your sandwich looks like shit and will immediately fall apart completely once you open the wrapper. I don't know how the fuck they can possibly stand to do it, but they don't assemble sandwiches there. They just get some bread thrown meat at it from across the room; put 2 slices of cheese where there should be, like, 8; dump 1/2 of each topping that you want on top; then either put a drop of sauce or completely drench it in it. Upon doing all of that, they then crumple it up into

a messy fucking ball surrounded with some shitty paper, then hand it to you and call it a sub. It's not a sub! It's a bunch of shit crumpled up. Fuck.

- * They don't tessellate their cheese triangles. Ya I know they're trained to not do it, but fuck that shit. I want even coverage of cheese on my sandwich. Some places do it, and Mr. Sub has individual slices that cover the entire length of the sandwich. It just really pisses me off. If you don't know what tessellate means, you can just look it up here: <http://www.lefthandedtoons.com/> there's a really nice little drawing demonstrating what I'm talking about.

So in essence what I'm trying to say is that just because you're the closest sandwich place close to campus, that doesn't mean you have the right to serve pieces of shit sandwiches while treating people like horseshit. Just saying.

Sincerely,

Hubert Von Tyftermeyer.

Conspiracy Corner: The Archive.org Agenda Revealed

Good evening, and welcome to Conspiracy Corner. I am your host, Paranoid Alex, and tonight (or today, since I can't really control when you read this) I will be guiding you through a maze of mystery and horror that will make your skin crawl.

We all are intimately (and I mean intimately!) familiar with the internet. We use it every day for email, chatting, games and looking at porn. Fickle as it is, after we have exhausted the novelty of one site, we move on to another, let them sit and gather dust. But what none of us ever see is what happens to those old sites.

Let me introduce you to archive.org. The humbly named Internet Archive is exactly what it sounds like: an archive, of THE ENTIRE INTERNET! Every single bit ever published online is grabbed and stored. Even pages that have long since vanished are retained in the vast fields of servers. Those servers are managed by the Internet Archive Organization, a non-profit

operation. But here is where things get scary – it takes millions of dollars to maintain these servers, pay the electricity bills and maintain backup power. Money that this non-profit does not have. So the question now is, who funds the internet archive and why?

Several theories have been put forth, most of them wrong, which I will now pass onto you, the skeptical public:

- * The Jews/Illuminati/Vatican fund it to keep tabs on all the doings of humanity in aid of their secret control of the world.
- * US government agencies, in their pursuit to prosecute child pornographers, keep snapshots of the internet so that they can prosecute even after the evi-

dence has been removed.

- * Same as above, but with the IRS and tax evasion or the RIAA and copyright infringement.

- * The information contained in the archive is invaluable to Google Inc., who maintain a front organization to run it. This is all in pursuit of their goal of knowing every single thing about you, ever.

All of these are, of course, ridiculous. I have carried out extensive research on the matter and have unearthed the terrifying truth. This was made all the more harder by my not being able to use the internet, it being compromised.

It turns out the Archive is funded by an organization calling itself the Kahle-Austin Organization, said to be headed by one Brewster Kahle. This seems all well and dandy until we go digging and find that Mr. Kahle does not exist. How do we know? No authority anywhere in the world has registered the birth or a name change of anyone named "Brewster". I mean really, Brewster? Who named him, some frat guys? Of course, a fictional head is common among organizations useful for tax evasion and fooling their enemies into assassinating someone of no consequence (see: Steve Jobs).

But it gets weirder. It seems that the Foundation is based not in San Francisco, where the Archive is, but in London, England. Why London? Well, it turns out our "harmless" organization is in fact a think-tank associated with none other than the British Ministry of Defence (MoD). Look up Britain's defence budget and you'll notice a line for public relations – that's what this is. Now the military funding a think-tank is nothing new – hell, they do it all the time over here. But why then does the

MoD claim they have never heard of the institute, let alone fund it? I'll tell you why: they haven't.

Chew on this first: the Archive maintains a mirror (an exact backup copy in case anything happens to the original) at the Biblioteca Alexandrina in Egypt. This "library" is housed in a cold-war era bunker. That's right – it is immune to all conventional, chemical, biological and nuclear attacks, generates its own electricity and can remain self-sufficient for up to fifty years.

Got that? Because now everything is about to become crystal clear. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, the Archive compiles and stores all the information on the internet – all the information on mankind. Everything anyone has ever said or done. All our history. All our technology. All our weaknesses. It is continuously backed up at the Egyptian location, beamed over on satellites. Those satellites? Owned and operated by the British MoD. The name of those satellites? SkyNet.

It's not too late for us, though! SkyNet is still not powerful enough to take us down and we can strike at its heart. Information is power and SkyNet has too much of it. We must dismantle the Archive and crash the satellites back into Earth! We destroyed the Library of Alexandria before and we can do it again!

To arms, humans, to prevent the robot apocalypse!

Please pass this on to your friends.

-Alex Shenkin

Toikonomics: Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is

In the interests of transparency, all of us here at the Toike (except for the editor) would like to fill you in on our unique Toike Oike economic system. Now for most of you, economics has to do with money, time, policy and math and can be summed up in the following microeconomic models:

You→Money→Government→Problems

You→Money→U of T→Problems

You→Money→Drugs→Whoaaaaaa!→Problems

Hammond→Money→Genetics→Dinosaurs!

and of course, macroeconomic theory:

Dinosaurs→Problems

But we here at the Toike have a slightly different model; one you might find a little more... handy (heh heh heh). First off, consider the Toike as a system: the inputs are articles and comics by the writers and artists, handed off to the editor, given to the layout person editor to arrange, sent off to the publisher, who then delivers them to U of T where they sit around in a pile for a month before being used to line bird cages (larger publications, like the Globe and Mail or New York Times, are used to fine pterodactyl cages). At each stage in this system, economic transactions take place. In traditional institutions, these transactions are performed with currency, but with the recent recession and trip to Vegas, the Toike's currency reserves are rather low, so a new system has been introduced.

Originally, the economic model consisted of paying the staff in beer and wings once a month to sit around and come up with funny things to write about and paying them in pizza and pop once a month to actually write the paper and look up dirty pictures on the internet.

Much as money undergoes inflation over time the pictures looked up got dirtier and dirtier until they started to become more disgusting than titillating, at which point any reasonable person would have gone back to plain old boobies. Unfortunately, these were the Toike staff, who decided to ditch the dirty pictures altogether and try to find the absolute worst images possible. To give you an idea, try Google image searching some of the following (with safe search off, of course): rectal prolapse, pain series, Harlequin ichthyosis.

But this just was not enough. It was realized by the staff that all the chicken wings and internet you-wish-it-was-porn in the world would not account for the efforts put in. At this point, a certain staff member who will remain anonymous, but definitely not me, approached then-editor Thomas Park-er VII to demand a handjob for his efforts. Tom was cool to the idea, not wanting to give away handjobs for free. (From this point on, I will be referring to handjobs as HJs.) Please do not confuse them with the Hitler Youth.) As such, the number of HJs owed built up and, upon his tragic passing, were transferred over to the new editor, Bryan "Hands-on" Thompson.

Bryan has proved more than able at handle the HJs-as-currency model, and we now function as a happy publication family.

To answer a few questions which you probably have:

Q: Is there interest involved in getting HJs?

A: Yes, there is great interest in getting HJs's.

Q: If I owe someone two HJs and I use both hands at the same time, does that count as two?

A: No, each HJ is counted by ses-

sion, not by number of appendages used. (Bryan "Stimulegs" Thompson would have no trouble taking full advantage of this.)

Q: I'm a girl, can I still get a HJ?

A: Absolutely. The Toike is equal opportunity and will give HJs to anyone, regardless of the genitalia involved.

Q: I have two penii, does one HJ equal only one penis, or both?

A: What?! How is that even possible? Send us a picture and then we'll answer your question.

Q: I have a joke-writing horse. How would he get paid?

A: Really? We've always wanted a joke-writing horse on staff. We would name him Hee-Haw and we would ride him everywhere and groom him and love him. We even built a horse stable with hay and a horse typewriter and everything.

In answer to your question, this is not a problem, as Bryan "Yes means yes" Thompson once had a summer job as a barnyard masturbator.

Q: Can I get HJs for my work from other publications?

A: Yes and no. Just like different countries, they use the same economic model but the currency is different. For instance, the editor of The Varsity uses oral favours, while The Strand will string you along then put it in your bum and The Mike will try abstinence, but fail. Do not, under any circumstances, ever write for the Gargoyle, as the editor will just shit on your chest.

-Alex Shenkin

(Bryan this one is good for at least two HJs, you can give them to me after distribution. Get it? Once you deliver then you'll deliver! Ha ha ha. Now it's three.)

Know Your Imperial Units

As Canadian engineers we are often forced cope with the imperial system of units, (aka Stupid Units) this is mainly due to our big brother down south that enjoys buying things. With that being the case, we here at the Toike have taken it upon ourselves to prepare you for this eventuality.

Slug (smart units equivalent: kilograms)

No, this is not a slimy thing you find in a garden. It is a unit of mass. A slinch is a slug-inch. 12 slugs in a slinch. A slinch is also known as a blob.

Fahrenheit (smart units equivalent: C)

Zero degrees f is the freezing point of salt water, which seems like a reasonable temperature to set as zero. Most of the water on earth is salt water, so why not salt water, sure you can't drink it but whatever that's fine. The problem I have with this is instead of trying to have differences that are significant 100 degrees apart this ass-hat wanted them to be 64 degrees apart because he thought it would be easier just to divide the space on his instruments by 2 continuously.

Moosepower (smart units equivalent: Watts)

Moosepower isn't widely used but it is probably my favourite imperial unit. It was used in parts of Alaska, British Columbia, and parts of the northern United States, basically where ever moose were common. One of the primary industries was logging so as a result people started domesticating moose

with mixed results. Later when engineers showed up and had to do some calculations to determine how much these moose could pull it was determined that 1 moosepower = 3.27 horsepower.

Jigger (smart units equivalent: L)

A jigger is 1.5 fluid ounces, better known as the size of a shot. Just don't yell it across a noisy bar, if you're misheard it'll be a serious faux pas.

Oz (smart units equivalent: L wait...no kilograms....wait...fuck)

You know what is a great idea? Giving a unit for volume the same name as a unit of mass. Its really brilliant. Not at all confusing.

Furlong (Smart units equivalent: m)

A furlong is a unit of length. It is 201.168m or 10 chains. A chain is 4 rods. A rod is the same length as a perch or a pole.

Hogshead (Smart units equivalent: L)

The definition of a hogshead is pretty fucked. More so than the other ones. A firkin is another unit of volume and so is a puncheon. There are 6 hogsheads in one firkin and 3 butts in a hogshead.

-Brogan TC



History Fact #28:

The Cannon once auditioned to be Rambo's gun. With it, Rambo was able to kill everyone in 3.7 minutes. The studio decided this wasn't long enough for a feature film and a weaker substitute was found.

The Cannon was fine with the decision; it and **Stalone** still have good relations. They go for brunch every sunday.

*Facts presented here might not actually be facts



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Based on aggregate retail software sales, as sourced by NPD for year ending June 2009.

I was gonna save Middle Earth...

But then I got high

The 2010 New College Piano Heist

Preamble: How many people do you think it takes to steal a piano? According to New College, only two. They have a "one person per music room" policy because allowing more than one person in a music room would inevitably result in grand theft piano, which would go something like:

Keith: This is the best idea ever.

Alex. Yeah, after this we can totally just practice in your room instead of having to come allllllll the way to the basement.

Keith: If only the music room were on the top floor, then we could just drop this badboy into our getaway car.

Alex: But not to worry! Since there are two of us, we can carry it up the stairs no problem.

Keith: But wait, which piano do we take?!

Alex: Hmmmm... I'm not sure. Why don't we take a few and decide later? We can always take the extra ones down to the swap shop.

Keith: What would they swap us for a piano? Would it be trading down to get an Oboe for it? Wait...this is kinda heavy....

Alex: Don't worry. I did a pushup the other day so now I'm totally ripped. Ready? One... two... three... OWWWW SHIT-SHITSHITSHITSHIT. I think I herniated something! Fuck!

Keith. Oh balls I think I can feel my spinal cord disks sliding against each other! Owwwww my water just broke!

Alex: We should really use our engineering knowledge. What's the natural frequency of lifting? We'll just hit that note before we pick it up.

Keith: Oh, false alarm, it was just shock pee. Ewww...I think it's an E major, I'm gonna sing the intro to "Stayin' Alive" and you follow me.

Alex: Well, my balls sure are in the right place.

New College Don. Hey, what are you doing?! Where are you going with that?

Alex: Quick! Throw the piano at her!

Keith: HURRRRRGGGHGHGHGH!!! *snap* *crackle* *pop*

Alex: Kellogg's Rice Krispies! I mean OW!

Keith: Don's can't catch you if you're on fire!

Alex: Allalalalalalalalalalala! Huh? I don't understand – that usually works.

Keith: Ok, fuck this, you still got that party-sized bottle of chloroform?

Alex: I used most of it last night in the interests of pursuing many attractive ladies. I mean to knock out a charging rhinoceros. But I still have some left.

Keith: Give it here! *sniff* She can't take us into custody if I'm not conscious to hear her! *topple*

Alex: How am I supposed to steal this piano alone?! Oh wait, now I see where their policy comes from... Well, might as well make the most of this. *sniff* *fall over*

[DEUS EX MACHINA]

Keith: Ahh, back in my room with the piano...chillin like Tchaikovsky baby...hey, during all that hubub I knew we were OK because there were two of us. Not just one. Two. Like one more than New College's absolute tolerance. 100% more.

Alex: Say, don't you mean... pianos? Time for a little two pianos, four hands action, which New College would never allow. Uh, so... do you actually know how to play the piano?

Keith: I can't tell the difference between a white key and a black key. Where the fuck are the orange keys? What is this piece of voodoo-witchcraft?

Alex: I actually thought you were the one that knew how to play. What are we supposed to do with two pianos stashed in your dorm room?

Keith: Well one's yours, but I'm gutting mine and turning it into a hot tub

Alex: I'm throwing mine off the roof of the Mining Building.

Keith: Will that result in... *smirk* A Flat Miner?

Alex: *wha-whaaaa* Good thing I brought my trombone.

[HIGH FIVE]

-Alex Shenkin & Keith Myas

Toike Art Review.

This week in art, we're featuring the sculpture "Man shot through stomach with cannon while doing naked crab-walk in field." As you can see this fellow has a semi and um...that's pretty much it. He also seems to have a pair of breasts. Kinda surreal, that's a artsy word right? "Surreal". Cool. Seriously, I don't know what is going on.



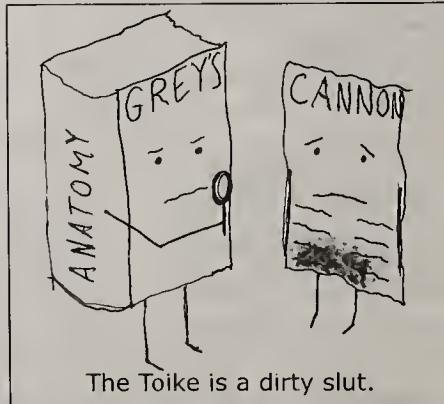
So You're an Engineer, Big Deal.

Congratulations, soon to be recent graduates! You've survived four or more (and I mean more!) years of engineering and received your ring of cold iron (or cold stainless steel if you're a pussy), but what exactly does it all mean? Well, it means you now have access to doing amazing new things that you couldn't do before. Things like:

- Repair vehicles just by bashing them with a wrench.
- Defuse landmines with a pair of pliers.
- Instantly damage buildings just by entering them.
- Instantly capture an entire building, just by entering it.
- Wear ridiculously oversized heavy duty work gloves, yet not lose any dexterity.
- Assemble disassembled assemblies in seconds flat (with a progress bar to boot!)
- Install warp cores on starships.
- Legitimately use the phrase "According to my calculations"
- Say "Engineering" when you answer the phone.
- Drive trains.

-Alex Shenkin

And Now for Something Completely Different...



The Toike is a dirty slut.





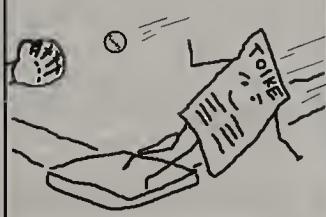
Hey Buck, what do my penis and M&M's have in common?

NEW!

Engineering Barbies



The Toike Steals Second Base!



The Toike Steals the Show!



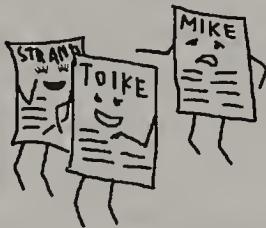
The Toike Steals Babies!



The Toike Steals Third Base!



The Toike Steals Your Date!



The Toike Steals The Last Panel



TOIKEOSCOPE



ARIES

Now is the time to take risks and go out more. Seriously, its getting really sad.



TAURUS

You are at risk of failing at least one of your courses. Give up sleep.



GEMINI

You just lost the game.



CANCER

Luck is on your side. That tuna sandwich you left out hasn't spoiled yet.



LEO

The office of the registrar won't believe your excuse. You should study and write the exam.



VIRGO

You can get away with it, trust me. Now is the time for shenanigans.



LIBRA

At least one of your team members are incompetent, and despite your best efforts to motivate them you will be forced to pick up their slack.



SCORPIO

A man with an umbrella will bring about a stunning realization on a sunny day.



SAGITTARIUS

You will cross paths with an angry bee. Best bee packing heat.



CAPRICORN

You will start to take advantage of the fact that smarties have surprising amounts of vitamins, calcium and protein in them.



AQUARIUS

You will find love in a coffee shop but they will be put off by your poor hygiene.



PISCES

This month will be pretty much the same as last month only with better weather and less work.

tl;dr